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BIG MAN ON CAMPUS

STORIES OF THE HOMOSEXUAL REVOLUTION AMONG TODAY'S STUDENTS

JOCK ITCH!

Between his legs -- crammed within the sweaty white pouch - something was itching to come out!

HIGH SCHOOL HERO

Danny had always **wanted** his hero Jay 'til he finally got him ....in the end!

ROOM-MATES

MORE THAN ROOM-MATES-- THEY WERE LOVERS!!

JERKING HIS WAY THRU COLLEGE

He went from door to door -- in the dorms! He had nothing to sell -- he wanted to give it away!

ENTERTAINMENT & READING for Adults Only

A NEW BULLSEYE BOOK

BIG MAN ON CAMPUS - - - IN THE SEXY SEVENTIES!

by a College Professor

There has been a lot of loose talk in recent years about the sad state of the young; this is a constant topic of adult coversation. Every generation has its gap!

Sure, young people today are a lot different in many ways than their predecessors, but at the outset I should state that things like bizarre clothing don't bother me. My class room often looks like a costume party! Furthermore, as a strong believer in truth-in-packaging, I endorse the non-bra movement in girls and the skin tight pants on boys.

The complaints about young people come, in my judgement, from adults who have a selective memory. I am convinced that today's youths are no worse than we were at their age.

On the other hand, some of my colleagues tell their students that they are the greatest generation yet, that "youth is virtue," etc. This is preposterous, and since the young, if anything, know themselves too well, they write off the adulation as so much bull shit!

There are 6,500,000 college students today, compared to about half a million when I set off for college. This enormous growth tends to throw all our sensibilities off. We read in the paper of 500 kids rioting and it sounds like a big deal. But in a student body of, say, 10,000, a mere 500 is statistically trivial.

We hear of free love, co-educational dorms, gay lib on campus, and all the rest! Today's kids talk like they think they invented sex the day they hit puberty! Well, they are spectacularly wrong!

No, their sinfulness, eccentric dress, addiction to dirty language--these do not impress me. They have invented no new sins, and I have yet to hear an obscenity I didn't know when I was 10!

I may be wrong, but for all the fireworks I'm not sure they enjoy life as much as we did. A big deal turns out to be a movie like "I Am Boring (Swedish)!" My reaction to the buttons reading "Make Love, Not War," is "Make Love, Not Buttons!"

As for the drug scene, which the popular press has made into a crusade and magazines like Playboy have exploited, all I can say is "there's nothing new under the sun!" Last year a recording group was refused permission to play for our student body because one of the songs in their repertoire is called "Morphine Blues." When I was in college, I remember we used to go to a place called the Crow Club on Saturday nights. A black man named Fred used to always sing "Morphine Blues" for us.

And I can remember being asked to leave Sociology class 'cause I was too drunk (on gin) to keep my head off the desk. And I can remember my room-mate Kentis fell down a flight of stairs and broke his arm when he was pilled up (on red birds). Name your poison!!

All this is just another way of saying that today's student is unbelievably innocent! He has been sheltered from the hard edges of life to the extent where I suspect he often feels he is acting out an abstract role in a disembodied universe. Today's Big Man on Campus is no bigger--or smaller, no better -- or worse than his predecessors.

VERSITY
of
THOMAS
CAL SCIENCE
UILDING

JERKING HIS WAY THRU COLLEGE

Jamie made his way across the nearly deserted campus. It was Sunday afternoon and most of the guys were home for the weekend or down at the student union. He turned and headed for Maddox Hall. It was the oldest dorm on campus, having been built in the early 1900's. Ivy covered the sides of the old two story building and Jamie thought about how pretty it was as he entered the vestibule.

It was a good cruising place on hot nights because most of the guys left their doors open for ventilation, and a lot of them ran around buck-ass naked or just in their briefs. Jamie remembered back to the Spring term when he used to cruise the second floor. A couple of times he had come real close to scoring with this handsome senior. Jamie remembered that he always left his door open and laid on his bed in the nude, his legs spread and his huge cock and balls in plain view. Jamie would peek through the door and watch the guy raise up a boner and masturbate, but he could never work up the nerve to enter the room and take the load that splashed and dripped down the guy's thick root and over his full, hairy balls!

''Christ,'' Jamie thought, as he reached down into his pants. ''Just thinking about it has given me a hard on!'' His hand entered between his tight leather belt and down his taut belly 'til his outstretched fingers cupped the plush, full head of his young cock. ''Boy'', he mumbled to himself, under his breath, ''be patient! I'm gonna give you a good hot jack off soon enough!''

As he walked quietly down the long, narrow hallway, he wasn't disappointed to notice all the doors were closed. Everybody was gone and it was just as he had wanted it. He reached the end of the hall and turned right up a narrow stairway. He hoped it would be the same as last Sunday, and the Sunday before that.

He was breathing hard now, nervous, afraid of being seen, as he peered around the corner at the top of the stairs. Sure enough, the door was wide open. His firm cock jerked and pushed at the tight cloth of his trousers. He adjusted his eyes to the glare of sunlight pouring thru the open windows and focused on the low bed at the far wall. Sure enough, there they were . . . . . two sweaty, muscular young bodies were completely nude in the bed; The blond headed hairy guy was over the dark wavy headed stud, going down on him.

Jamie knew their names from the card on the door . . . Smith and Krasnow. He figured the blond was Krasnow and the guy with the tremendous huge cock surrounded by gobs of wiry black pubic hair was Smith.

Smith was on his back with his legs spread wide. Krasnow was over him sucking the huge dark monster off! Smith was hunching the slick swollen meat deeper and deeper into Krasnow's mouth, and Jamie watched unbelievingly as the throbbing thick flesh plunged between Krasnow's stretched lips.

He wondered how in hell the blond could take it and he dreamed he had traded places with him! He imagined how the slimy prick tasted and he groaned with delight as he "felt" it throbbing deep down in his throat! He opened his eyes and focused on Smith's voluptous big balls, heavy in their sac, heaving and pulling up into the root of the swollen cock!

He heard the two guys groan and saw Smith hunch his buttocks in the air until Krasnow's nose was buried into the hairy swollen pumping testicles. He heard Smith's breath come in short, loud grunts and he knew Krasnow was drinking the loads of thick sperm shooting deep down his cock-filled throat!

Jamie was leaning against the wall with his head thrown back in the throes of orgasm! He was madly squeezing and jerking the swollen bulge in his trousers 'til he felt waves of tingling hot excitement sweep over him! Prickly goose bumps broke out on his neck and arms as he felt his young thick cock squirting his shorts full of sticky, warm, vibrant cock juice!

He half-opened his heavy eye lids and saw that Smith was on his knees in the bed, kneeling before the blond. The rigid blond-encircled cock was busy burying itself into the warmth of Smith's mouth, and Jamie could hear the slurping, sucking sounds emanating from Smith's thick, succulent lips.

Some of Jamie's sperm had shot thru the elastic band of his shorts and he could feel the wet warmth of it clinging to the tiny hairs of his stomach. He opened his shirt and drew the sticky stuff up on his finger tips to his mouth, and sucked it between his lips onto his tongue! Oh how he wanted to suck somebody off and swallow their load of cum!

He watched avidly as Krasnow was pumping his prick faster and faster into Smith's mouth. He could see the prick swell as the young man's hot load flowed like white lava into the waiting mouth! Krasnow shot off so much that strings of white spunk were running out Smith's lips, clinging to the bottom of his chin!

Jamie had his pants undone and his prick was hanging out as he watched. He squeezed it from base to tip and milked out a few more drops of sperm into the palm of his hand. He quickly raised his hand to his open mouth and licked the juice into this tongue. He loved the salty-sweet taste of his own slick velvety liquid!

Jamie's prick was still hard, rising outward and up from its nest of fluffy hairs, and his young balls were hanging jauntily between his hairless thighs! He hoped Krasnow and Smith would repeat their performance of previous weeks, as he loved to see them fuck in the ass hole.

Sure enough, Krasnow was on his back, and Smith was over him with his butt toward Jamie. It was like a front row seat at a stag show! Jamie continued to watch as Krasnow spread his legs wide and raised them in the air; Smith's black-hairy ass hole was plainly visible to Jamie and the huge wide cock and fat pendulant balls swung gently from side to side as Smith moved into position over Krasnow.

Smith lowered his body and began to enter Krasnow, feeding the immense length and width of his turgid, slick tool into the blonde's open hole. The prick began to harden as it plunged in and out, the ass-hole flesh clasped tightly around it. Jamie's boiling hot cock was standing straight up, the head swollen up twice as bit as the shaft; he could feel the tickling sensation of another hot load of thick sperm tingling within his urethra, seeping out the tip. He couldn't stand it! He grabbed the shaft and luxuriated in the feel of his tight fist passing back and forth over the plush crest of his jucy meat!

Suddenly, hot, tingly flashes began in his fingertips and sparked throughout his arched body, as he strained on his tip toes and gushed thick ropes of his rich, thick juice high into the air. He kept it up until the last wave of pleasure had subsided and his vibrant prick had begun to soften in his hand.

He stuffed it back into his pants and wiped the sticky sperm up from the floor where it had splashed on the wall. He took a last look at his two studs and knew that Smith was shooting off his load deep into Krasnow's rectum.

He left as quitely as he could, as the two guys in the room became awfully silent. He was scared to death they'd hear him. He took off his shoes and tip-toed down the creaky stairway. When he reached the front door, he ran across campus back to the safety of his own dorm. He hit the bed and fell asleep. Late that night he woke up with another big hard on. He realized he had been dreaming about Smith and Krasnow and that they had caught him. The two-some had become a wild three-way orgy and Jaimey had gotten his fill of cock up his ass, prick down his throat, and enough sperm to choke a horse. But it was only a dream, and as Jamie flailed his meat in the darkness he wondered what would really happen next Sunday if he'd make enough noise for them to hear him, accidentally-on-purpose!

JOCK ITCH

BETWEEN HIS LEGS – CRAMMED WITHIN THE SWEATY WHITE POUCH – SOMETHING WAS DYING TO COME OUT

After wrestling practice, even after he and Hank Goodwin had done a little extra workout and Hank had finally left for the showers Paul Jackson did not leave the wrestling mat, nor did he remove his sweat soaked wrestling shorts. He didn't go to the showers with Hank and the other boys on the team: he didn't want them to see him naked--not because he was that modest, but because this day, during practice with Hank, he had had an accident.

So for awhile he just lay there on the mat in the wrestling room relaxing after his workout--or so it seemed: his mind could not relax. And while he lay there on his back, with his dark eyes half-closed under their lashes and reflecting in their scanning of the ceiling the restlessness of his mind, the sweat dried on his face, a face still boyish with straight brows almost a bar across its forehead, tousled black hair, and parted full lips.

The sweat dried from its first gleamings on his body, which, though also still boyish, gave promises in its clearly articulated muscles of the man he would be. His shoulders were wide, already assuming great curves and lines of strength; his chest was outlined with fibers, powerful but still somewhat slim, not yet with the fullness of a man. Across it, in a new delicate net, a blush of black silkiness spread a net between his nipples. Tappering to a supply waist, his body modulated with curious dints and shadowed lines into his stomach which stretched in a flat curve under the waistband of his black shorts. These, as they dried, tightly encased legs sturdy with muscles, at whose juncture in his groin a heavy bulge grew full, like some god's purse: there, at least, Paul was almost more than a man.

Finally, when he thought most of the other boys must have gone, Paul rose from the mat and shook himself from his worried reverie. He had to find out and he had to be careful not to let the others see; they'd laugh at him and he couldn't stand that, especially if Hank saw and laughed. Grabbing a sweat shirt and holding it with affected carelessness in front of him, he went quickly to the locker room. He could hear voices in one of the shower rooms, but his aisle of lockers was empty. Relieved, he sat down on the bench to undo his shoes. Then he stood and hurriedly peeled the black shorts from his body; they clung with wet persistence to his buttocks and thighs and calves.

Fully revealed, his buttocks were perhaps the most boyish part of his body, and because all the rest of him was tanned as golden as new bread, they seemed even more so in their ivory hugeness. They grew subtly out from the dimpled base of his strong spine until they bulged into two semispheres of firm, yet strangely vulnerable, young flesh, looking at once as soft as heaven and as hard as hell. The furrow between them started in a hinted depression and deepened into a mysterious dark cleft between his thighs, ending in a tiny nest of wistful curly hairs that seemed to promise something of infinity.

At last the shorts were off. That felt better; that felt wonderful! Paul raised his powerful arms to let the cooling air circulate through the gentle hair of his armpits, but then he remembered himself and what had happened. Controlling his natural sensuality, he dropped his arms; now he could see how much damage had been done.

Only his jock strap covered his brown nudity; its white straps sank beneath the globes of his ass and held tight the pouch in front, a bulge like a fisherman's net with a stout catch. He looked again to see if anyone was watching him. No one. Quickly, he pulled the waist band of his jock-strap away from his flat belly and looked down inside: there lay his young penis, itching and squirming to come out.

So soft and thick it lay, its velvety surface still holding the impressions of the webbing of the jock-strap's pouch like strange wiggling tattoos. Circumsized, its pink glans was like the hooded head of a thick sleeping snake coiled in the mat of pubic hairs that tangled in his groin and covered his great balls and crept in the faintest shadow of a triangle toward his navel. A tiny spasm trembled in Paul's bowels, causing his anus to clench and that sleeping shaft to ripple slightly as if it were dreaming. There was the damage: clotted in the hairs clung pungent pearly globules of his own young gizzm, hanging like trophies about the whang that had spewed them forth that afternoon.

That afternoon, when the other boys on the team had left, he and Hank Godwin, the team's captain, had decided to do a little extra workout to perfect a hold. Hank, in an effort to pin Paul, had flung himself across the upper part of Paul's body. At first, Paul had struggled well and managed to keep his shoulders off the mat, but then he suddenly realized that, by chance, his face was pressing into Hank's full crotch, directly into that mound of man. And the more he struggled to keep from being pinned, the more his face sank into it.

The realization had been but a moment, a moment of forever in which he seemed caught, in which he suddenly smelled the overpowering scent of a young man, of Hank--Hank's new sweat and musky honeysuckle--violent perfumes which Paul thought revolted him but which he could not stop drinking in. And in that moment, with a horrible life of its own, his great cock had pulled loose from its prison between his legs, risen like a hot iron rod against his belly and blindingly spurted its wad, fiery, thick with creamy curds, over his hairy groin.

Paul had felt as if he had fainted, but it was only for a moment, a moment in which he had relaxed and Hank had pinned him heavily. Paul's mind was a fog of confusion: did Hank know? Did the cum soak through? Did he see his hard/on?

After a second, Hank had gotten up and stood over Paul, smiling down at him, though, Paul thought, with a slight question on his lips. ''Can't you take it?'' said Hank, and without waiting for an answer turned and left the wrestling room for the showers.

So for awhile Paul had just lain there, on the mat in the wrestling room. ''He must know. Hank must have seen.'' Paul had wondered what he was going to do. And as he stood there in the locker room looking down at the revealing damage in the pouch of his jock-strap, he still wondered.

Damn,'' said Paul to himself as he looked at the globs of cum clotting his springy pubic hair. Quickly he stepped out of the soiled jock-strap and flung it into the bottom of his locker. ''I'll take care of that later,'' he thought and snatching his towel from its hook, wrapped it around his loins and moved to the shower rooms.

He still heard voices in the first room and tried to walk quickly past it, but as he passed the archway, one of the bathers--there were four of them -turned around and in a split second dropped his glance to Paul's towel dragging tight around his protruding butt and showing a round funnel down its front where hung his cock.

''Hi, Paul,'' said Hank. And the other bathers looked up at him in a sudden silence from their splashing and talk. Paul swore again to himself, ''Damn--they're all in there;'' he mumbled a hello and trotted into the adjoining shower-room. Thank God it was empty, and the other bathers next door once more started the noise of horseplay.

Paul flung his towel over one shower-head and turned the spigot of another. Hot water, that's what he wanted. The water burst out steaming, and Paul buried himself in it. The water fell over him like a hot cave, down over his tapering back and in a fall between the cheeks of his ass, down his young chest, down his doubly bulbous scrotum, down his slim legs, and stroking down over his bushy crotch with its penis still pendulous and heavy from that afternoon's accident. The hot water would make him forget as it transformed his tan skin to a crimson.

Automatically he bent forward a little and reaching back with both hands grasped large handfuls of flesh, spread his buttocks and let the heat run over his clean, tight ass-hole. That felt good; his heated hole seemed to spread the shooting stream right up into his gut and through him. But then his penis began to stir, enlongate, grow thicker and stand in an arch away from his legs, making the water shoot away in a stream as it ran along that broad length.

"Damn again," muttered Paul: he just couldn't forget. There they all were in the other shower room: Jim, Red, Sharky, and--and Hank. The Club. The Great Rooster Poker Club: that's what they called themselves. Supposed to have the biggest dongs in school. They called it "P.Q."--some sort of measuring system Paul had heard.

Paul's own cock grew harder--though not fully hard, hard enought to point a straight shaft at a downward angle out away from his thighs. He looked at it, free at last from the confines of that tight jock-strap!

He had always been a quiet boy and even though he was twenty he had never played around in sex games as other adolescents did. He had never seen another boy's cock when it was hard, so now he began to wonder, as he often did, just how big a big cock was.

He had measured his own at home with a tape measure: eight and one fourth inches long from its hairy hilt where it met his pubic mound to its tip: its two and a half inches of broadness across its smooth back and two inches of thickness on the side made a cirmference of six inches around the shaft up to the head. But the great flaring head measured six and three quarters of an inch around. The whole organ was perfectly straight like a column, marmoreal white and smooth; while hanging beneath it were two balls in a protuberant bag like two walnuts heavy and full.

Without knowing why, Paul was proud of it. And now under the stimulation of his pride, it stood in full erection like a bar of marble with an arching scarlet capital, pointing in a slant up from its curly base between the slow down curve of his belly and the long sweep up of his sturdy thighs.

Paul gazed down at it; it **looked** big. But the funny thing was that when it was completely quiescent, it was only two inches long, wrinkled. Its skin very dark, its pink tip tiny. How often he had watched it grow from that dark bud into the stupendous crimson-headed handfull it now was, but now he could only think of how much bigger than his those boy's in the club must be. He had only seen theirs when they were soft, with subversive glances in the locker room and the shower, but even soft, they were all bigger than his in that state.

Jim, the tallest, blond and rangy like a cowboy, had one that looked about four inches long with a glans like a hammer-head hidden under a long foreskin whose opening was pursed over it like a fleshy ruffle. His balls swung as low as his cock so that when he walked naked, his genitals slapped in a unit from thigh to thigh.

Red, the roommate and inseperable friend of Bob, was about Paul's size but had a softer build with a broad white chest covered with red hair running down in a line across his navel to a white slim cock topped with a circumsised dome-like head; it looked at least three and a half inches long, Paul thought. Red's balls were always pulled tight up under it, like two round cushions that bounced it along.

Sharky? Sharky was shorter than Paul and built like an ape with a thick chest and stubby legs. He was the Vice-President of the Club, but --ugh--from what Paul had seen, he maybe ought to be president. A great gnarled root, uncircumsised, looking like a long cone or banana, with a large blue vein running down the front of it, Sharky's dong looked as if it would go to his knees. His balls were small but not noticed with the tool that lolled out front. This prick was most of Sharky's conceit; he boasted about it all the time and strutted about shoving it up against the other boys. Remembering the heavy bulk of that yellow leg against his own thigh, Paul hated Sharky.

Paul wasn't the only one who disliked Sharky. His arrogance had made most of the other boys less than his friends, but his skill as a wrestler and his responsibility for the team's championship, gave him, if not friends, respect and grudging admiration. And after all, it had been Sharky who had formed the Great Rooster Poker Club and he had not been alone there.

But every once in a while the animosity against him burst out, and Paul remembered the day they had all jeered at him for having so little hair on his body--just like a "little" boy.

The day after this, Sharky had appeared in the shower with all the little hair he had completely shaved off--even that on his head and his scanty pubic hair; and he had kept this shaving up, so that now his talliwhacker looked like something that wasn't really a part of him, more like a stunted third leg hanging and swinging down from his bald groin. He had even shaved his ass, Paul had noticed, and it gleamed darkly, not blending into his back smoothly as Paul's did, but jutting out almost like a shelf from that apish back.

While thinking these things, Paul was soaping himself all over, enjoying the sliding slipperiness of the soap between his thighs and butt-cheeks as he shifted his weight from one leg to another. Only hesitantly did he touch that still standing cock, because he knew he was becoming excited though he pretended to himself that he wasn't.

Then, as he began to clean the matted hairs in his crotch, still stuck together from his accident of that afternoon, his other hand, almost without thought, began to stroke his hard member, slipping gently on the soapy film enveloping it. He closed his eyes under the water in the beginning of an ecstasy and thought some more!

Because if their cocks looked so much bigger than his when they were soft, how huge they must be when they were hard. Small wonder he had never been asked to join the Club. Not that he wanted to; he had heard rumours of what they did--of their strange poker rules, of a "machine", of "the punishment." He didn't want to be in such a club. But then--Hank was a member. Hank was the President. But, hell, even if he was asked, he wouldn't be a member for long. He knew!

Because once he had taken a cucumber from the refrigerator, one that felt as big around and as long as his own penis when it was hard. He had greased this up with vaseline and had tried shoving it up his rectum.

He had gotten it about two inches in when he had to stop. Looking in the full-length mirror in front of which he was doing it, he saw the green cylinder jutting out from between his swelling buttocks, and when he spread them, he could see his ass-hole wrapped around it like a mouth. Not that it was painful; it was more a transfiguring ache around his anus: he had found himself panting and not knowing whether he wanted it in or out.

Then, after a minute, he had made one more effort and got it all the way in until he could just feel its hind-tip inside the twitching lip of his hole, and he could see the hole twitch in the mirror around the barely visible green tip of the cucumber.

It had been easier that time, but when it was in, it was so cold and so heavy that he felt as if he were going to pass out. When involuntarily he clenched his bowels, he saw the green tip disappear upwards as the heaving ass-hole tried vainly to shut. This movement caused a mind-blotting pressure to seep up in him and a gour of clear viscous fluid to spurt from his cock. It was streaming with effluvia; he always had a lot of that when he got excited, but this time it seemed like spoonfuls of silvery syrup. And his penis was not stiffly hard, just swollen out, engorged with blood.

It was an ecstasy, but he couldn't stand it. It seemed too hard. Too cold, and too heavy within him. Something was wrong. He had to jerk himself off, but he also had to shit the cucumber out. And when it shot from his bung-hole, the sperm cascaded from his cock in wild spurts that arched in throbs halfway across the room. But it was out. After that Paul had fallen into a deep sleep.

So at any rate he knew if he couldn't stand that, he could never stay in the Club--even if Hank were in it. Especially if Hank were in it! Hank was the President--and if he were President, then in spite of what Sharky had, Hank's penis must be bigger, the biggest of them all, bigger than any cucumber, bigger than anything Paul could stand.

All the while Paul thought these ambiguously exciting thoughts he was massaging his swollen penis until, with the thought of Hank, huge gobs of milky-white cream were hurled to smash on the shower room floor, and Paul shuddered with orgasm, his buttocks rippling in massive pelvic thrusts forward, his ass-hole tightening in rythmic spasams.

But at the same time, he heard a shrill whistle pierce in the echoing shower room and shatter his dream. Opening his eyes, Paul stared straight at Hank--Hank, nude and beautiful.

"Say!" exclaimed Hank, looking at Paul's still jumping cock. "Jesus!" He glanced straight into Paul's eyes and then was gone!

Paul's whole body blushed even redder than the hot water had made him, and in one motion he turned around and put on the cold--full. He had never been so ashamed. Hank knew now. Now he would laugh and tell it all over.

JOCK ITCH will be continued in next issue - - -

It was Jay! My cock twitched and pushed past my navel in a surge as I looked into his beautiful brown eyes and invited him in. He'd been drinking, I could smell it on his breath. I poured us both a drink and sat down next to him on the bed.

He was talking about some broad that he'd been with all afternoon, trying to get a little. My prick stayed hard as he talked about it!.... How he kissed her, how he played with her tits, how he tried and tried but couldn't score all the way with her!

I knew he must be pretty high or he'd never admit that he didn't score with a girl. According to Jay, they were all pushovers anyway, and his flippant attitude and casual manner about the opposite sex attracted me to him all the more.

I was into my fourth drink before I noticed he had an unusually large, elongated mound where there normally was just a nice bulge. I couldn't take my eyes off it, and my hot cock was dripping peter tracks all over my belly.

Finally he noticed me staring at his crotch. "Yeah, man," he admitted, "I've got a boner that won't go away. Ever since that crazy chick turned me down today I've been about to bust!"

I'd always wanted sex with Jay but never had the nerve to try it. I'd heard he bedded down with guys various times in the past, but I couldn't get past the "butch" **distance** *he always kept between us.*

But then I'd never seen him stoned before, either! Today he seemed warm, talkative, almost a promise of **affection** *was in his voice. I quickly downed the balance of my drink and figured it was now or never!*

I rubbed my hand nervously across his leg to his fly. It was all out of proportion with the hard-on throbbing beneath it, stretched out over his leg, the outline of his prick-head plainly visible thru the tight cloth.

Clumsily, I tried to unzip his pants, as he leaned back and looked at me like he would throw me down and and kiss me if he could only let himself go!

Finally I had his thick dick in my hand. **At last!** *It pulsated with an unbelievable warmth and a quivering life-of-it's-own! was about to shoot off in my pants, I had waited so long for this moment!*

He laid back on the bed and closed his eyes as I slipped his pants down around his legs. His prick was even bigger fully exposed, rising like a pink cobra from the two huge, fleshy testibles. The shaft felt twice as wide as it was thick and was crowned by a massive, magenta colored head. The plush plum-head was split up the front, from the shaft up to where it widened in a deep, wet slit.

I put the tip of my tongue into the slit and nibbled the sticky nectar with my lips. I ran the tip of my tongue teasingly up and down the spread-open cleft, tickling either side of the sensitive pink flesh! I squeezed the shaft

real hard making the head swell up like it was going to burst; then from below, I ran my tongue around the underside of the flared ridge where the head joins the shaft.

Globs of smooth sperm were already pouring out of my turgid cock as I sucked him off into my mouth. I felt the slick head squeeze past my lips, plunging all the way into my throat in deep, frantic thrusts. His warm balls crawled up under the palm of my hand as I squeezed the base of his cock, trying to control his ejaculation before I choked on it!

I almost passed out as I continued to shoot off uncontrolably and as he gave me all of his hot load..... I had wanted it for so long, and now there was so much of it! Streams of his milk white honey congested my throat as fast as I swallowed it. Finally the eruption began to subside. He pulled his hot cock out of my mouth as I

me on my side and began to fuck me in a steady rhythm. To my surprise my own cock was coming back to life, stirring outwards from my drained balls til it reached full length.

"Mmmmmmm!" I purred as his fat cock pumped in and out of my butt. His rhythm was almost hypnotic. I felt the sperm creeping up into my cock with renewed vigor as his leaden balls pressed hot against my ass. He He was going all the way in with each heaving stroke!

strained to suction the last drops of his love juice from the tip. I was still dizzy as I began to come around and was amazed to notice that he still had a hard on.

He was sitting there stroking it, looking at me. "Get up on your hands and knees," he told me. "A good blow job like that just about gets me warmed up for some good ass-hole fucking!"

I did as he said but wondered if he was really horny enough to keep going. I knew I wasn't!

I looked back and watched him standing at the foot of his bed, greasing his cock with vaseline. It was harder than ever, like a shiny shaft of firey steel. He climbed over me and guided it up to my hole with his fist, hunching and rubbing it all around, teasing and trying to coax it in. The grease was cool but I could feel the hot flesh of his cock poking into my opening.

Finally it was in. As he rested a moment with it there I was concious of it throbbing inside of me, and I wanted it so bad I began to hunch back and forth on it. Without warning he slammed it all the way into me. The pain was terrible for a moment, but it was soon replaced by a warm glow that spread all over my body. He layed

I could almost taste his sticky sperm as his rhythm became frenzied and he slammed the fucking cock in with a savage stab and held it there. The throbbing head massaged my prostate gland as the cum poured into me.

At the same time I shot off again, not violent and jerking as before, but gently my cum oozed out coating my stomach with the viscous fluid.

When it was all over, I threw my arms around his wide, manly chest and basked in his radiating warmth. We layed there for the longest time.

As we separated and he began dressing, I hated to see it end, but I knew neither of us were in any condition to do it again. At least not until another day, which I hoped would be soon, very soon!

They were
more than
room-mates
. . . . . they
were
Lovers!

ROOMMATES

ROOM-MATES

David . . . Howard's mind drifted back to the tall, delicate-boned boy he'd lived with for the last two years of college . . .

They'd been in the literary society together. David was an aspiring poet, and Howard had a fine organizational ability that soon got him elected poet editor. He'd accepted one of David's poems for publication and, from that point on, they'd begun seeing each other off-and-on-during the school year--to discuss the magazine, to criticize each other's work, and just to indulge in long-winded bull sessions in each other's room. And then David learned that one of his poems had been chosen by a major New York publisher for inclusion in a new anthology of college poetry. He'd been jubilant, and insisted that Howard help him celebrate, since he'd first recognized the poem's-merit and published it in their school magazine. David brought a bottle of Scotch and together they went to his room to drink it.

About halfway through the bottle, David began to get sentimental-talking about the great **debt** he owed Howard, and how he didn't know how he'd ever be able to repay it. Howard brushed his friend's gratitude off easily, but he was flattered that this handsome, intelligent boy thought so highly of him. Around two in the morning, with the bottle almost gone, Howard's mind was spinning drunkenly, and when he got to his feet and announced it was time to go back to his own room, he stumbled and fell to the floor.

David helped him up, and insisted that he stay the night. His own roommate was gone for the weekend, and Howard could sleep in that bed.

The events of the next hour or so were never really clear in Howard's mind. He remembered David leading him to the bed and sitting him down, then had a vague recollection of the boy's soft, tapered fingers moving gently to undress him. Howard hadn't resisted; he was in no condition to do things for himself. He lay spread-eagled on the mattress and allowed David to peel away his shirt, then take off his shoes and trousers. When he realized that he had nothing on but his

jockey shorts, Howard was about to crawl in under the covers and fall into an exhausted sleep, but David held him back. Whispering soft, gentle words that were unintelligible to Howard's mind, the other boy's hands came to the waistband of Howard's shorts and slowly slid them down.

Howard remembered jumping in surprise as he felt David's cool fingers brush over his genitals, but the contact was so light and so quickly gone that he thought nothing more of it. He allowed the boy to lift his legs in under the sheets, then closed his eyes and felt the swirling blackness overtake him.

A short while later, Howard awoke with a start, feeling the cool softness of skin pressed against him. He started to sit up, but he felt a gentle pressure on his chest, urging him back down. ''Relax,'' David whispered, his mouth so close to Howard's ear that he felt a little tingle run through the base of his head as the other boy's breath wafted into the soft folds around his eardrum.

''What's going on?'' he mumbled, but David only whispered for him to be quiet.

Howard lay stiff and confused, feeling David's soft palm moving slowly down from his chest to his belly. The boy pressed in, gently at first, then harder. Howard tried to right himself once more, but when he did he felt a bolt of lightning pain rip through his head. He slumped back down on the mattress and tried to brush away David's daring fingers, but they continued their exploration.

Somewhere in the back of Howard's dazed mind he understood what was going on-what might be about to happen-and he was filled with as much shame as repulsion for what David was doing. The effects of the liquor, as well as the soft caress of the boy's hands against his skin, had caused Howard's body to swell with reaction. He feared having David discover this, for he was sure that if he did, he would think that Howard consented to what was taking place. But there was no time to stop David; his

fingers were already moving across Howard's pelvis, toying with the strands of fluff that matted his body. Howard shook his head and moaned in protest, but David continued to whisper words of soothing encouragement in his ear. And then the fingers found their target and curled softly around it.

"Ohhhhhh," David moaned, as he tested and squeezed the power and urgency he now possessed. "Howie, Howie," he sighed. His gentle fingers began to slowly move in response to the words that poured lovingly from his mouth.

Howard squirmed in under the caress, shifting his hips and trying to break the other boy's hold, but the longer it continued, the more he found himself reacting to it. His body had suddenly taken on a mind of its own, and was insisting on more--demandding that the thrills be allowed to continue. At last, realizing that it was futile to resist any longer, Howard shut his eyes and relaxed.

David sensed the change in him immediately, and his fingers started to move faster, more urgently. And then, suddenly, the rhythm stopped. David's fingers stayed in place as he pushed back at the sheet that covered both their bodies, kicking it down to the foot of the bed. Howard tensed. **What now?**

He felt David lift himself up onto his elbows and move his legs over his own. Then the boy scrambled to a crouching position over Howard's body, and bent his head to dart a quick, hot kiss on the base of Howard's throat. As his hand resumed its rhythm-slower now-David began to trail his lips down Howard's chest, his other hand stroking softly at the hard muscles of Howard's belly, running through the thick mat of hair that covered his body.

As he felt David's lips tickle against the points of his hips, Howard suddenly thought, "My God! he's going to **do** it to me!"

His aroused body sprang urgently between David's clasping fingers. "He's going to **do** it!" Howard's mind cried. He found his excitement mounting steadily, even though his fear of what would now must assuredly happen was driving his heart to a dizzy pounding inside his chest. Howard had never participated in anything like that before, but he'd always found an odd fascination in it. He'd once seen a picture being passed around the dorm, in which a woman was doing it to a man, and he'd heard rumors told during bull session smokers about certain guys who did it to other guys. Some of the fellows at these sessions had even admitted having it done to them-by girls or effeminite boys-and Howard always found hemself responding in a way that he had to conceal out of embarrassment. **And now it was going to happen to him!**

He felt his stomach muscles tense and tighten as David's tongue played over the flat of it, then he rocked his hips up from the bed as he felt the lips lift away and David's hands tighten on both sides of his thighs holding him in place as he hovered for the final assault.

Do it! Howard wanted to scream. **Dammit to hell, do it now, if you're going to do it at all!** He knew that if David's lips teased him for even a half-minute longer, he would either **make** the boy respond, or he would lose his nerve and shove him away in disgust. If it was ever going to happen, it had to be **now** - that instant!

And then it happened.

Howard threw back his head on the pillow and sucked in his breath sharply. **God! The feeling! The FEELING!** He thrust high with his hips, rocking them back and forth in the rhythm of love, urgent to have this wonderful pleasure continue, and yet nearly out of his mind to have it stop-and the glorious white-hot joy of release from it take over his body.

He was barely conscious of David's murmurs, Howard's thighs as he gave still more and more pleasure. Their bodies moved as one, with David following every motion Howard made in his anxiety. Nothing could have separated them; they were clampet so tightly together that if the roof had fallen in they would have stayed right where they were. Each was enjoying it to the fullest possibility.

And then Howard felt the fire licking at his loins, crying to break free. He tensed his buttocks-lifting them several inches off the bed-and, as David's loving rose to fever pitch, Howard felt the sudden burst in the dam, the jet of foam rushing to quench this fire burning through both their bodies. David pulled back for just a moment in surprise, then resumed, making this climax a finale to beat all.

Even when Howard slumped back to the bed, limp and exhausted, his heart pounding wildly, his mind shooting with a mixture of pain and inordinate pleasure, David stayed with him, slowing his motion gradually, like a well-oiled machine which it is better to allow run down by itself than switch off abruptly. Howard moaned in soft satisfaction as he felt David slide away at last, then he reached down and touched the boy's shoulders gently, urging him back up.

When David slumped against Howard's chest, tears were running from his eyes, and he was crying softly in his throat. "Thank you, Howie," he murmured. "Oh, God, thank you for letting me."

That was the first time . . . David and Howard had both been nineteen-just boys, really, and-so Howard liked to think-doing what boys occasionally will. He'd been embarrassed the next morning when he awoke and looked into David's knowing eyes, and tried to avoid any situation which would have the opportunity for it to happen again. But somehow, the chance came again-and David's pleading demands wore down Howard's resistance. The third time it happened, Howard didn't protest quite so much, and by the fourth, he barely said a word. The fifth time **he suggested** it, and their affair had begun in actuality.

It was pleasant for Howard, and-since David never asked anything in return-wholly satisfying, without committing him to a way of life he wasn't entirely sure he wanted. But, with David doing everything and he just lying there and having it done to him, there was no involvement, no sense of guilt, no **obligation** to David in any way whatsoever. "What the hell?" Howard would tell himself, when he stopped to think about what he was doing with David. "The other guys let it happen to them, too, so if there's anything wrong with me, it's wrong with all of us." He saw no difference between the

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casual, wholly meaningless, encounters the other dorm boys bragged and laughed about, the steaily developing involvement between David and himself. Since he felt little or no attachment to the other boy outside their sexual experiences, he assumed that David felt the same way.

They lived together the next semester-to facilitate the opportunities to be together-and renewed their involvement nightly, sometimes more than once a night.

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BIG MAN ON CAMPUS

EDITORIAL

OUR BIG MAN ON CAMPUS HAS JUST RETURNED FROM SUMMER BREAK FOR THE FALL SEMESTER. HIS FIRST DAY BACK HIS ROOMMATE, WHO EXPERIMENTED OVER THE VACATION, SLURPS AND GOBBLES OUR FRAT BOY'S HUGE PECKER. NEXT, BIG MAN MEETS UP WITH HIS FRIENDS ROY, NORM AND JIM FOR SOME POLE VAULTING FUCKING PLEASURES, FRESHMAN FRAT INITIATIONS, AND BLOWJOBS THAT'LL MAKE YOU SHOOT YOUR CUM AND SMEAR IT ALL OVER THE PAGES OF THIS SIZZLING ISSUE.

OUR NARRATING STUD LEAVES FOR WINTER BREAK WITH A BANG THAT'LL SHOCK YOUR CHRISTMAS BULBS TO THE HILT! HE PROMISES HIS TRACK BUDDY JIM EVEN MORE DICK ACTION IN THE NEW YEAR.

WE HOPE *YOU* CAN HANDLE *THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS!* STUDENTS BULGE AND BALL IN THIS ADVENTURE OF SEXUAL STUDIES.

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MY SUCKING ROOMMATE

With the best action packed summer I've ever had over, I was very reluctant to return to the frat house for fall semester move-in. My buddies there are all great guys but all they ever talk about are chicks and cunts, so I usually have to grab some action elsewhere, which is a real drag. Upon my arrival I realized

something was very different when my hunk roommate told me he experimented this summer with something new, and did I want to try this ''experiment'' with him? As I nodded, he whipped out my big dick and started chomping.

I loved the feel of my roommates fuzzy moustache on my sleek dick, the short bristles tickling my cockhead, arrousing me to the point of uncontrollable hip thrusting. From the look on my face, he realized he wanted some of that pleasure, so we switched positions and I let him be tingled by bristles.

We took turns licking cocks, I love riding my tongue along cockhead tasting good jock sweat. He was really getting me horny so I whispered in his hear, "Let's fuck" as he opened up his red hot asshole for me. I slowly stuck my cock in, teasing the almost new virgin till he was really writhing.

He grabbed my ass and thrust me in making me feel his insides while I was copping a look at his ripples. I was getting too excited to hold back a second longer, so with ferocious intensity I pumped him like there was no tomorrow, and shot my huge wad into his waiting asshole.

I was through with my tool, but my roommate was still wanting to be used and abused, so I obliged by taking his pumper in hand and mouth, sucking that gorgeous manpole like crazy.

I primed him till he was just about to shoot, then he pushed my mouth aside, and with his own ''dick in hand'' pounded, until cream splattered on his stomach, landing in the crevices of his ripples. Later, I lapped that juice with delight!

I primed him till he was just about to shoot, then he pushed my mouth aside, and with his own "dick in hand" pounded, until cream splattered on his stomach, landing in the crevices of his ripples. Later, I lapped that juice with delight!

FRESHMAN TWERP INITIATION

My friend Roy welcomed me, telling me about this new Freshman from South Dakota that he met in the kitchen, while on his way to the fridge to grab a Bud. He coerced the chicken up to his room, asking him if he had that new Pretenders album he might borrow. The new kid downed Roy to no end, slurping his cock like it was his last meal, getting the prick wet and ready to insert in his hole, which he did in one deep thrust. Roy fucked him and left, and as he peeked through the door crack he saw the young stud jack himself off cumming all over his hairless chest, looking forlorn at being left alone to fend for himself. The fucking Freshman twerp deserves it.

ON

My pals Norm and Jim were back too, staying in their off-campus apartment they share. I rang the doorbell and nobody answered so I went around to the back window to see if they were home, I thought they were watching the game on the set but I saw they were playing with other kinds of balls, with some new rules!

These two jock studs were flaunting their rock hard bodies for me without their even knowing. Norm was really licking, and pressing his wet drooling lips up and down his friends shaft.

I was so envious of the whole scene that I ran around to the front door again and banged like hell till Norm opened it. We ran back to Jim's bedroom and . . . SHIT, he'd already cum, with cream all over his cock and fingers.

About halfway through the semester Roy got real pissed at me because I didn't invite him to a gang bang that he spied through the skylight in my bedroom, which included my roommate, me, Norm and Jim. I kept telling him that it just happened, it wasn't planned. The guys stopped by to bullshit about the track meet, Jim decided

he wanted to eat some ass and lick some good cockhead, so we all stripped gym shorts and jocks and started to get some good lunchtime fucking and sucking in. I wish he would stop being such a dork, he jacked off on the skylight anyway, so what's the big deal?

My fucking buddies are the best, they really know how to make me squirm, I get off watching them lick each others veiny cocks, and when they sandwich me, me sucking one cock at the same time having my big cock man-mouthed, I just want to scream and shoot my warm chunky milk into orbit, like some fire propelled rocket.

I couldn't believe the look on Norms face when the cleaning lady walked in the door! He was really startled for a moment, but like a good student he got right back into the campus action at hand, as she went shrieking down the hall, arms flapping in the air with clean sheets trailing behind her.

RAMMERS AND POLE VAULTERS

My roommate sure gets some action. He and Jim are on the track team together, and after practice each day they head on back to his room for "after meet" calisthenics. You can tell Jim's a great pole vaulter by the way he rams his buddy's pole down his throat, it's enough to make a guy cum in his jock without even stroking the damn bugger. The two of them love sucking ass slow and steady, hearing it slosh as they spiral their tongues in and out, taking giant gulps of manhole.

Sometimes they play a little game called "Ice Cream Soda." They suck on each others dicks like straws seeing who can take a sip of the soda the longest without breathing. My roommate usually wins, he's on the swim team too.

Jim loves feeling my roommates steel rod up his socket. But the best part is when after fucking has been real vigorous and frenzied, my roommate pulls the pulsating pecker from his teammates shithole and shoots on his face, with the last few drops of cum oozing onto Jim's rock-hard midsection.

YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT C

UMMING . . .

The fall semester just flew by, with all my fucking around I lost track of the time. Everyone said their goodbyes for the Christmas break and went on their merry ways, all except Jim and me. We had an extra hour to spare so we fit in one last good fuck.

I love licking his pisshole, rubbing the tip of my tongue into the tiny hole to taste his salty piss remnants. And his cock is so scrumptious, it juts out like a delicious Popsicle, tempting me to suck it till it disintegrates in my mouth. Its flavor sweeter than anything I've ever tasted.

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Remember How Great?

I was sitting at my desk the other night, doing some work I'd brought home from the office, when I pulled out my old school annual and started reminiscing......

....I sure remember Billy Stevens, God how I remember him! We were in math and biology 2 together. I used to give him a blow job about once a week. He'd come over to my garage apartment and crawl in bed with me......

.....And I remember Jerry Jones and Mike Marceau. Two super-hung studs who used to 69 with me. Jerry later went to the big city and "came out". Mike got married and has about 10 kids.

...How could I forget Barry Puch??? Everybody called him "Pook" and what a crazy guy he was. He'd do anything in bed, or out of it. We used to shoot our cum in a glass and Pook would drink it! We used to spend the entire night rimming and corn-holing and cumming on each other. No wonder my grades suffered!!

.... Remember when hair was short and dicks were long?? During my junior year I had so many tricks it's hard now (in more ways than one) to recall them all. There's one or more on every page of the annual!! I must have been champion cock-sucker of Michigan U.

....Remember when, after graduation and Mark moved away to accept a position with an important chemical company in New York City?? I knew it was over anyway, so I didn't want to tag along. I was pretty despondent at first, until I met Grady. He was a junior and on the football team at the university. I was already graduated and working as a two-bit salesman in a TV store...

....Grady wanted a TV for his room, I wanted a stiff cock down my throat, so we made a deal. I gave him the TV, he gave me several loads a week of hot young cream! Soon he was bringing over other guys on the team. Number 10 was my favorite and that's just about the size of it too!!

NOTE: PART 1 OF "JOCK ITCH" APPEARED IN OUR FIRST ISSUE OF BIG MAN ON CAMPUS, WHICH IS STILL AVAILABLE TO ANY OF YOU WHO MISSED IT. SEE OUR ADVERTISEMENT IN BACK OF THIS ISSUE FOR DETAILS.

PART 2

ank Godwin strode away from the shower room where Paul Jackson stood blushing and fearful and ashamed. Hank had a great idea. He entered the other shower room where Jim and Red were still loudly horsing around, and Sharky was massaging his ape's body, squeezing his banana dong and crooning hoarsely to himself. "Say, you guys," shouted Hank. "Calm down; I've something great to tell you."

"Gosh–it's the Prez-zee-dent," crowed rangy Jim. "Ah-ten-CHUN!" And he slapped Red's too-tempting pink-white fundament and snapped into mock-military stance, his long genitals whipping across his long thighs.

Red straightened up from washing his foot and looked over his shoulder to see the clear imprint of Jim's large open hand outlined in scarlet on his plump gluteal cheek. "Jesus, someday you'll break it."

"OK, knock it off," laughed Hank. "I tell you I've got a great idea."

"Oh, yes, sir," growled Sharky sarcastically as he pulled his monstrous cock and aimed it at Hank like a heavy barreled pistol. "What the hell you so worked up for?"

Hank ignored him and spoke to Red and Jim. "Listen, I've found a new member for the club."

"Yeah?" said Sharky, now interested. "Who? I got something to say about that."

"It's Paul Jackson."

"Paul Jackson?" Sharky struck his short thigh with a grunt of laughter. "Little coat-hook Jackson? That little runt in the club? He couldn't fuck a fly with that twig he's got."

"All right, smart ass," said Hank with a trace of irritation. "Don't think I don't know it's small when it's soft, but have you ever seen it hard?"

"Who'd want to see a pimple like that hard?"

"Have any of you?" Hank asked Jim and Red.

"Well, no; guess not," drawled Jim. Red shook his head too.

"Well, I have. Just now. I saw it hard, and I tell you it's big. Bigger than that piece of gut you've got, Sharky."

"Bigger than yours, Mr. President?" retorted Sharky, stung.

"Don't know about that; it could easily be."

"I bet. I just bet it's bigger than mine. That little bump; Jackson's pimple – yeah, Jackson's little bumpy pimple."

"Listen," said Hank, "Jim, Red, I tell you Paul's got a monster cock and we need some new blood in the club."

"Hell we do!" interrupted Sharky. "We don't need anybody else in this club – four's plenty enough.

But Red, usually the most retiring of the group, saw a chance to get even someway with Sharky, who too often had roughly, almost sadistically, buggered him. Sharky said he liked his behinds smooth, wiggly, and soft like Red's and kept proving it; but now was Red's chance. "I don't know," he said quietly, "but I think Hank's right."

Sharky snarled, "Who asked you, bubble butt – my sweet shaking piece of ass?"

But Jim, whose straight-forward virility and height had always cowed Sharky, put a protective arm over Red's shoulder. "Not so hot, Sharky; I'm with Hank, too. Suppose you leave Red alone; you've no right to talk like that unless you win a hand. It won't do any harm to see Jackson's stuff, will it?"

Sharky sensed the combined opposition against him, and his growling exterior, not much more than surface, softened. "OK, don't everybody get worked up; take it easy." He turned to Hank. "Hank, I don't think we need anybody else in the club, but if you guys want to try this Jackson kid, well OK." Then a bit of his truculance returned. "And if he's got a bigger cock than mine; if he does – I'll –"

"You'll what?" said Red.

"I'll let him shove it up my ass and fuck the shit out of me."

"Yeah?" said Jim, and all of them were instantly curious, for Sharky was the only one who hadn't done that yet. For all they know, his muscle-bunched rear-end was still virgin. Sharky kept saying ass-fucking wasn't manly, though, certainly, he didn't mind doing it to the others, especially to Red. But underneath his insistance on keeping himself intact, the others had for a long time sensed a negative quality; maybe it was fear. But their own fear of Sharky had so far kept them from going any farther with it.

"That's right," reasserted Sharky, recovering himself in the face of their obvious curiosity and proud of his virginity. "Yeah, I'll let him ram it up my ass and screw me blue. Sure I will – if he's got one bigger than mine. IF, you guys." Sharky was triumphant.

"We'll take you up on that," said Frank, and Red and Jim nodded agreement.

"Go ahead; you think I'm scared? Hell, if he loses – and he will – I get to shove mine up **his** behind. Even if you guys have to hold him down – even if we have to use "the machine." OK? Is it a bet?"

"A bet!" said Hank, certain of Paul. But Jim looked apprehensive, and Red said, "Are you sure, Hank?" For Red remembered the first time Sharky had mounted his rolling rear-end. They had to use "the machine" that time, and Red could still feel that thick arrogant presence filling his bowels and that hard ape's groin pressing grinding on his trembling buttocks.

But Hank was certain. "I know, I tell you," he reassured Red.

Jim scratched his low-hanging testicles with a long finger. "Who's the judge?"

"Hell," barked Sharky as he turned off his shower and scowling, rubbed his towel over his thick body. "Don't be so nasty; what do you think I am, anyway? Get a tape measure and you guys be the judges."

"I've got a better idea," said Hank. "Listen, Sharky, will you go by the P.Q. we've got already for you in the book?"

"P.Q., P.Q.! What's good about that? It's the length that counts."

"If that's so, then Red beats you by a point." interjected Jim with a smile, and he made a playful lunge at Red's dangling member. "You agreed to the P.Q., when we set it up; you going back on it now?" Red avoided his grab, so Jim twitched his friend's bouncing rump.

"Oh, hell, I'm not going back on it. What's my worry? Even with that stupid P.Q., I'm Vice-President. OK, Hank, so I'll stick by the figures you got for me in the book."

"Good," said Hank. "Then we'll give you the tape-measure and you can get Paul's points, and we'll compare the figures you get from him with your own. We'll compare P.Q.'s and see who's the winner."

"Let's be fair, boy scouts," jeered Sharky as he snapped his towel to leave a vicious welt on Red's full bottom.

Red turned on him. "Cut it out! If you lose, you know, and object, we'll use "the machine" on **you**!"

"Sure, sure – but I won't," snarled Sharky.

"Then the bet's on," said Hank. "I'll ask Paul to come tomorrow, ten o'clock, Purdy's barn – agreed?"

"We'll be there," said Jim, and Red added, "I wouldn't miss it."

Sharky had finished drying himself, and wrapping his towel around his waist so that its opening fell in front of him and allowed his huge schwanz to swing out before him like a tolling clapper, he started out of the shower room.

"You be there too, Sharky?" called Hank after him.

Sharky turned, a grin on his wide flat mouth. "Don't worry, boys; the Vice-President never misses a meeting, hey, hey. I haven't had a good hunk of butt in months; Red's getting sloppy holed – like screwing a bucket of drizzling shit." He strutted away to his locker.

"I'll go ask him now," said Hank to the others, and putting his towel around his compact hips, he went to find Paul.

Paul Jackson was fully dressed and sitting in front of his locker tying a shoe-lace, when he looked up to discover the near naked physique of Hank Godwin standing before him with a towel-hidden swell but a breath away from his lips. He looked up at Hank, blushed deeply, and quickly bent down to his shoe again, for Hank was smiling.

"Say, Paul, you've heard of the Great Rooster Poker Club, haven't you?"

Paul flushed even deeper and bent closer to his shoe; felt dizzy with apprehensive shame and just managed to nod.

"Well, the guys and I want you to come and have a game, OK? Tomorrow in the old Purdy barn. Be there at ten. By the way, you know the rules don't you?"

Paul swallowed; his mouth was dry. He did know the rules pretty well; he nodded again.

"Are you prepared to abide by them?"

Pushed by an unknown motive, Paul looked up and into Hank's eyes; once more he nodded. He could not speak, but he was rewarded by the flooding smile that came over Hank's features with masculine warmth.

"Great! It's settled; see you tomorrow. At ten, remember." Paul felt a grip on his shoulder and heard a different tone come into Hank's voice. "Paul? It's great you're coming."

Hank strode off down the aisle of lockers, but just as Paul looked up at that powerful back with its taut buttocks, square with muscle, strapped under the white towel, Hank turned back. "We've got a bet on, Paul, and I expect you to run away with it."

"What bet?" Paul almost choked.

"Never mind; you'll find out," said Hand and was gone.

Paul was alone, again breathless; his shoulder pulsed where Hank had gripped it. The Great Rooster Poker Club – the rules – a bet – his own small cock – all these thoughts whirled in his brain until he felt wild with a fearful excitement. Then he realized he had another hard-on – another one. The material of his pants stretched tightly around his tumescent length of his penis, painfully keeping it from pushing its fullness out.

He was suddenly determined: "that's one thing that's not going to embarrass me the way it does every time I turn around. Even if I have to tie it down, with a bandage or something."

Closing his locker, he started for the home he had at his Uncle Burt's; his heart, and his fear too, both were resting in that future hour tomorrow at Purdy's barn.

Paul left the gym and started across the campus to the home he shared with Uncle Burt, but his mind didn't register the stroking of the warm wind on his curly head and boyish features; he was too preoccupied with the events of the afternoon and with the events that were to come.

His cock was hard again. It had broken free of the pouch of his jockey shorts where usually it lay coiled between his thighs, and had pushed its tumescent way down his left leg. Though his khaki pants strapped the swollen cylinder down tight to his thigh, its size and presence could not have been ignored by anyone; its rigid head pressed a laring ridge out into the material.

Paul tried covering up its turgidity by putting his hand in his pocket and then by holding his books in front of his groin, but it was no good. Every step he took pushed his meat down and up his leg with just enough tight friction to excite it even more, especially when the silky hairs on his thigh gently scratched the exquisite spot just below the underside of his glans. He began to be afraid he'd ejaculate again – another accident; his balls were already pulling and heating.

He looked about. There was nobody too near to notice, so he went behind a tree, reached his hand inside his belt, down to that giant dong which twitched at his touch. With difficulty he began to pull it up against his belly. Its sturdiness resisted him, and when it tautly curved under the pressure of his pull, his body buckled forward, his butt strained its twin mounds tightly against the bottom of his pants. Finally, with a half moan and grunt, he got it free and up, its bulbous head hot above his navel, its shaft closely held by his belt.

There; that was better, much less noticeable. If only he had worn his jock strap. He usually did, if he had a clean one, for he was always having embarrassing erections, but the last clean one he'd worn this afternoon and he couldn't wear that, for it was still stiff with the dried gizzm of his accident.

He put his hand in his back pocket; there it was. He never let the gym wash his jocks when he'd had such an accident; he was sure someone would notice and spread the rumor around. So he always took them home and washed them privately, washed out the opaquely stiffened evidence of his burgeoning balls. He clutched the strap in his pocket; then, instinctively, he pulled it out and looked at it. His cock gave a throb as it recognized the sultry odor that rose from it; the pungent smells of Paul's recent sperm permeated its pouch yet warm from the heat of his testicles.

Suddenly, embarrassed, he thrust the strap back into his pocket. Anyway, what good would a jock do? His shorts were useless against the strength of his cock when it felt like standing thick and up. And this afternoon, there in the wrestling room, even his tough jock strap had not stopped its force. His cock seemed able to overcome any obstacle.

But Paul knew what he'd do; it wasn't going to embarrass him tomorrow. He'd beat it off good and then when it was tired, he'd tie a bandage around its head and lash it down by pulling the bandage tight between his legs, up the crack of his ass, and tying it around his waist. Then he'd put on his jock strap, a pair of jockey shorts, and even maybe a pair of regular shorts. That ought to stop it.

But it didn't stop it then. There it was, still hard and strong, strongly hard against his belly, nestling and rolling in the new hair that grew there, rocking stiffly under his belt from side to side as he walked. An every time he thought about it, a sharp pulse would pass out of his gut, up from the muscles of his puckered ass-hole, through the fat penile-root behind his nuts, rippling up the fat length of his penis to the scarlet plum-like head, which spread its hood under the impact.

The combination of his fear at being seen with it so noticeably swollen and the excitement its rigidity caused, made his mouth dry. He felt his abdomen contract with an internal pang. He knew he had to do something, and Paul knew what to do.

Ever since he'd reached puberty at eleven, nine years ago, he had to masturbate almost three times a day. His penis was adamant in its stringent demands upon him, and every load it released was full and ropy with spermatic juice. He was at once proud of its hot productivity, ecstatic in giving it what it wanted, and yet harried by it; he had jerked the steaming wads out of himself many times just to have some rest and get his mind on other things. That's what he'd do now; he'd get someplace and grab that rod tight and really whale it, work it over good.

But where? He glanced up and realized where he was. There was the library; that's it; he'd go into one of the library johns and beat his meat there. Quickly, his heart beginning to beat once his mind was set, Paul strode to the library.

Once inside, he went to the stairs and climbed to the fourth floor where there was a seldom-used toilet off the smoking room – or so Paul thought. He was glad he saw no one he knew in the halls or on the stairway; nor was there anyone in the smoking room as he passed through and pushed open the door marked "MEN".

A sudden scuffle came from inside the john as he opened the door, but Paul didn't notice it. His mind was in a heated fog; his hard cock strummed against his belly. He had to release the iron fire that sang in his balls.

With one motion, it seemed, he walked to the third booth, got inside, slammed the wooden door, unbuckled his belt, dropped his pants to his ankles, pulled down his jockeys, and sat down. His cock sprang free, stood straight as a tree before him.

His mind turned into itself; his eyes closed and he leaned back as his tanned right hand grasped the white column springing so boldly from his crotch. Into his thought there came one of his most beautiful memories, one deeply felt by him, more deeply perhaps than he realized. And as his hand firmly and slowly pulled, and his huge penis leapt, Paul saw every detail of this memory.

So enwrapt was he in it that he didn't see the many scribblings on the wooden panels around him, nor did the large hole catch his glance, bored through to the adjoining booth and covered on the other side by a piece of toilet paper. Nor did Paul hear or notice that the other two booths in the room were occupied.

He saw, he felt, he yearned for only this memory.

It was a memory of Hank Godwin. It was Hank Godwin that Paul saw as he sat within a booth in the library john and masturbated.

Hank was a year older than Paul, a little taller and more mature in his features. Paul believed him the handsomest student in college; nor was Paul alone in this, for for Hank Godwin, though only twenty-one, had a ruggedly mature face, a high forehead, large brows slightly arched over glinting deep-brown eyes, and a nose which, though it would have seemed large on anyone else, was proportioned to the rest of his face and gave it a commanding look. His lips were full but not curved like Paul's; they held themselves in a firm line, and beneath them, his square jaw ended in a deeply dimpled chin.

Hank's only touch of frivolity, and perhaps a sign of his youth, was the luxuriant tawny hair that capped his head with amber curls. These he had tried hard to control, with water, with all sorts of hair oils, but to no good; his curls mocked his efforts and sometimes in their profusion seemed to mock the maturity in the face beneath them.

His physique, however, remained true to this maturity. His physique – how well, how intimately Paul knew that splendid body and how secretly. And this was the memory that ran so clearly before Paul's closed eyes as he kneaded the stout symbol of his desire and pulled it to an orgasmic explosion.

In September of that year, when Paul had first joined the wrestling team of which Hank was captain, he had come back to the gym one afternoon because he had forgotten his jock-strap and wanted to wash it.

Entering the gym, which surprisingly seemed empty, Paul had passed the room where was kept the massage table and other equipment of therapy. He had only glanced in the open door on his way past to the locker rooms, but in that glance he had been immediately frozen. There, on one of the tables, lay Hank Godwin on his back – and stark, rawly naked.

He had seemed asleep, sound asleep in a sleep of exhaustion. His breathing was deep and regular, and the steady movements of his massive chest raised and lowered in a gently powerful rhythm the arms curved with muscle that were crossed above it. From crown to soles, it was the body of a god, a god in flesh.

Unlike Paul's still boyish figure, Hank's great frame seemed made of golden marble. Between his chest's broad pectorals, each with its dark aureole and bluntly delicate delicate nipple, grew a thick triangle of coppery, tensile hairs which ran downward in a lacey path to spread across a sinewed belly and thigh-girded groin, there supporting on a brilliant umber cushion a limpid blossom of cock and balls, and subtilizing, to flow down, like the softest down over Hank's heavy thighs and calves.

Catching the late afternoon sun, these hairs, a coat of brazen filaments, caught fire, seemed a fiery investment enveloping, outlining, polishing the long strong muscles of an Olympian body.

So relaxed it lay and yet frightening in its potential force; the arch of its spine, raised so slightly at its base by two strong buttocks like great hard apples, seemed a spring which at any moment would hurl this strength into massy action.

All this Paul had seen in that glance at the doorway, and incalescent vision which had burned itself into his reason so clearly and so surely that even when he knew Hank better – knew that Hank was mortal and a boy such as he, Paul could make this vision return complete and pristine; he could always see in his inmost mind that fallen titan aswarm with the silky flames of his hair.

Paul had approached the table then, impelled by an unknown daring, his heart almost still for fear. He had to get closer to Hank Godwin's substance. Even the sensible part of his brain, overcome by this unknown motive, had rationalized that Hank was too sound asleep to notice.

So Paul had come up to the table and Hank's molten nudity. His dark eyes had surveyed Hank's beauty and finally had come to rest on that bush, the burning bush which flowered in the sunlight on its mount at the joining place where, in a nest, two seedful testicles upheld a length of splendor.

(And even then another part of Paul's mind compared this cock of Hank to his own; though it was soft it seemed even in that condition at least four inches long and thick too. What must it be hard? And its head was not the plum of Paul's, but more conical and more deeply a red, without Paul's full flare.)

Closer and closer Paul had drawn to that place and what it held, the smoothness of it, the gentle softness and delicacy of skin, the clear shape of its comeliness. So involved was he in his facination that he did not hear the cessation of Hank's deep exhalations. So close was he that his breath, coming short and swift, caused the amber hairs of that bush to waver and stir, and he could see each of them, separate, long and curly, spring from the pores in

that golden skin. Then in an ungoverned movement, he had placed the flesh of his full curving red lips upon the flesh of that sweetly virile cock in a kiss of softness, of mutually smooth beatitude.

At the same time, Hank had given a grunt and turned on his side. Paul had jumped back and ran from the room. He had been in front of his locker before he realized where he was, and then sick with fear and an unknown passion, he also had realized that his crotch was hotly wet with sperm.

After that day he had never known if Hank had been awake, had felt that – that kiss. Paul hoped with all his strength it wasn't true and had resolved to pretend to be just a buddy with Hank, to pretend nothing like that had ever happened. He even tried to pretend to himself, to obliterate the memory of that vision and that kiss. But always they came back to him, in his dreams, day and night. They were a part of him, and that kiss, though Paul did not yet know it, had been a pledge. He was Hank's and did not yet know it.

But there in the booth in the library john, as he saw his vision once again, Paul didn't think of its aftermath. He thought only of that kiss, of the moment his full red lips pressed softly against the velvet skin of Hank's cock. And as he remembered, his hand worked furiously up and down the length of his own organ. It was preparing to shoot; the pressure in his nuts rose tumultuously, and the vision of that kiss grew stronger, brighter –

"Uuh!"

What was that? From the next booth – a sharp "uuh" that cut into Paul's vision and dispelled it. He stopped his masturbation; his penis, obeying some unheard command, began to droop and with swiftness to shrink. What was it? Was he found out?

But it came again: "Uuh!"

Who was there – in the next booth?

Again it came: "Uuh!" a sharp intake of breath from the next booth, like a breath of pain but with a guttural quality that made that pain seem like pleasure, or maybe that pleasure seem like pain. Paul couldn't tell. Curiosity got the better of the guilty embarrassment he had first felt when so suddenly torn from his memory of Hank. He cautiously bent down until his chest rested on his knees, to peak under the wooden partition separating his booth from the next.

Somebody was kneeling on the floor there; he was kneeling and his knees projected away from Paul under the next partition onto the floor of the last booth. All Paul could see of him was the lower part of his back covered with a red shirt. Who was it? A student? Paul's heart beat heavily and his cock leapt.

He could also see that the person's pants were down, down around the ankles on which he was almost sitting, kneeling there under the other partition. From under the red shirt two dark muscular cheeks butted out and grew into great thighs. These buttocks, like two clenched fists, were pushing themselves forward with vehement thrusts, and Paul saw just beyong the waist of this person what looked like the top of another man's head. It was the head of the man in the last booth, and his hair was trembling as he nodded up and down on the other side of those buttocks and met their dark fierce thrusts.

"Uuh!"

There it was again. The guy in the next booth, who was shoving his crotch so hard under the last partition, he was making those compelling groans.

Paul saw between the slamming cheeks, bellying beneath the red shirt, a pouting aperture, smooth of hair, darkly purple and stern, an ass-hole that alternately distended and contracted in spastic jerks. Every time it contracted, the boy in the next booth made that sound.

The impulsion beneath the red shirt became more violently hurried; the "Uuh's" more frequent and sharper; the head beyond bobbed faster and faster: "Uuh! Uh-uh–uhh! Uuuhh!"

Paul sat upright; how stupid he felt. The guy in the next booth was getting blown – getting his cock sucked! With each shove of his butt, he was ramming a hard prick into someone else's mouth, the mouth of the man in the last booth. Into a mouth hot with breath and juicy with saliva, with a tongue that lapped around hardness and licked at it, ran around its bulging head; with lips that clamped around its shaft and massaged with slick heat that region so nervous and full of joy beneath its glans.

Paul's own cock was tumid with blood again, fogging him with desire. In a fever he grabbed and jerked its smooth skin back and forth, up and down the heavy ecstatic rod of flesh –

He stopped, his breath roaring in his throat. There was a movement in the next booth; the guy seemed to be

getting up. Paul had to see, so he bent down again, but this time his inflexible organ bored into his stomach, pressed angrily into his navel.

He didn't see what he had at first; the guy seemed to have pulled up his pants and to be sitting on the toilet seat again. And now the man in the far booth was kneeling down and presenting his naked groin under the partition. "Jesus, what a little cock," thought Paul as he saw the tiny piece of stiffness that impudently stuck itself up into the next booth. Just as he thought that, he saw a muscular arm in a red sleeve reach down and with a quick flick of a thick finger snap the head of the small dick. "Hang your hat on it buddy! What else is it good for?"

Paul sat up again; that voice, growling and mean; where had he heard it before? It seemed strange to him and familiar too. Then he heard a movement in the far booth, the slamming of the booth door, and, right after that, of the door of the john itself.

But he didn't think about these sounds for long, for his eyes were caught by the drawings and writing on the partitions around him. "My god," thought Paul, "there must be a hundred of them." Pictures of guys sixty-nining with big pricks and lots of drops of cum flying out of their mouths; guys getting cornholed and blown; guys fucking each other; four guys sucking and screwing in a big tangle with their behinds butting up and down.

And the writings: "Make date"; "I've got nine throbbing inches and want a good suck job"; "Grease up your car and ram it in my hot garage".

Paul almost giggled, some of them were so ridiculous but the effort made him feel a dragging pang in his nuts. His cock still was erect and enlarging with the load it had stored up but not discharged. He had to jerk it off. He started impetuously pulling it again, his hand frictively shooting up under its flaring head and down, the clear pre-coital liquid glistening and pulsing slowing out of its tip.

"Man-oo!"

It was the growling voice in the next booth. Paul had forgotten about him, and the voice seemed right in his ear. He looked at the partition: the toilet paper was gone from the other side of the hole, and Paul could see through it the outline of the lower part of someone's face. Then before he could think, an eye appeared in the hole, looked at him, and just as quickly withdrew.

"Oh-yeah?" said the thick voice. It was a sneer.

Put
COCK
HERE

HERE
FOR GOOD BLOW
JOBS

Soul-panicked under the sneering virulence of that voice, Paul's penis despite its desperate need went down, and he scrabbled to pull up his pants. But suddenly through the hole bored in the partition came a long, thick, conical object that bent downward in an ominous arc. It was a man's cock, and Paul could only stand fixed, looking at it facinated like the prey of a snake.

It became turgid and grew more horizontal, and as it stiffened, its yellow foreskin slowly drew back from a little head, whitish, triangular, and greasy with mucus.

Tougher it grew under Paul's uncontrollable stare until it was an intractable cudgel projecting from the partition, a steaming whang dripping with glaucous oils. Under the stress of its tumefaction, the upper half of its length has assumed a curious twist to the left; it became a sinister sickle of flesh along whose back a thick bluish vein ran torturously, lividly twitching with the blood pumped to sustain its grim arrogance.

Paul was revolted, but he was also drawn by this terror, and while he stood there unable to move, he heard that growling voice viciously caress him.

"Go on, baby, that's what you want, isn't it? A real piece of meat to gnaw on – hot and hard. Go on, put those juicy red lips of yours around it. Come on, baby; slide my hot tool down that tight throat of yours; I'll white-wash your tonsils with hot cream. Get a mouthful of sweet gravy. Come on, come on, baby – suck it!"

Suddenly Paul's trance broke; he almost yelled, "No!" An unnamable fear came over him; he yanked up his pants and ran from the john, away from that sneering horror.

But just as he got out of the door, growling words sang in his ears: "You can't run, baby; not from this meat. You're going to take it yet. You hear that, my sweet baby? You're going to take all of it yet!"

That was all Paul could hear as he hurried home: "You're going to take all of it yet!"

JOCK ITCH will be continued in the next issue - - -

“FUCKING’S MORE FUN THAN FOOTBALL”

CAMPUS HUMOR

An eager Private asked his burly Sergeant escort. "When was the last time that you had sex?" "Nineteen fifty-five." He replied. "That's a long time ago." The young Private gulped in anticipation. "I wouldn't say so," the Sarge replied, looking at his watch. "It's only twenty-one thirty now!"

●

The handsome young American found that he was unsuccessful in turning one of the handsome young English tricks until he took a course in elocution. His faultless English accent immediately netted him a stunning young number. As he climbed into bed with his partner he explained, "I actually come from the other side."

"Mate, this I've got to see!" the Englishman replied.

As the Viking Warship stealthily slipped up on the unsuspecting Saxon town, Brodar the Chieftan rose and addressed the mottly, but horny soldiers.

"Now, men", he bellowed, "our plan is to burn the village . . ."

"Hooray!" roared the soldiers.

"Kill all the men . . ."

"Hooray!"

"...and rape all the women!!"

"Hooray"

"And, men . . ."

"Yes, noble Brodar!"

"For God's sake get it RIGHT this time!"

●

Doctor!" squealed the well endowed young man, lying on his stomach.

"You've got the thermometer in the wrong place!"

"It is not the wrong place," the doctor informed him. "And it is not the thermometer!"

We know a stud who, when filling out the blank, "Length at present address" on a computer-dating card, wrote "Seven inches!"

●

While walking into town one day a young priest was approached by a hustler who querried,

"A quickie for five bucks?"

Obviously confused by this advance the Father continued on his way; but within a couple of blocks another young man came up and asked him,

"A quickie for five bucks?"

The priest returned to his church and came upon the priest in charge. His curiosity overcame him and he asked "Father, what's a quickie?"

"Five bucks," replied the priest, "same as in town."

●

Then there was the abandoned tugboat who felt really low after discovering that his mother was a tramp and his father was a ferry.

●

We know a well-to-do middle-aged man that has recently started dating young good-looking 18 year olds from the Boulevard. When asked about his new tastes in love he commented, "I've found myself asking new questions of life. Like, 'What kind of wine goes well with peanut butter?' "

●

These days too many beautiful guys are spoiling their attractiveness by using four letter words like don't, and can't and won't.

We know a guy who hates losing his heart to a trick but loves having him look for it!

●

Two well dressed MCCers came into the office of a big executive and approached his desk.

"Sir," said one, "we are soliciting funds for the welfare and rehabilitation of wayward hustlers. Would you care to donate?"

"Sorry," replied the exec, "but I contribute directly."

"T ere are 92 reasons for becoming a homosexual. I have summarized these into 12 principles and further boiled these down to a single concept—preference."

"Today, ... I'm going to give you my complete shock treatment!"

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BREAKING IN A FRESHMAN

It's nice to be a senior, because the lower classmen have to do whatever you tell them! And I boss 'em around every chance I get. I guess it's a sadistic streak in me, but I like the feeling it gives me to be in the position of making younger guys do my bidding.

I was born in April, which makes me an Aries, which means I'm just naturally kind of bossy and can take charge of just about any situation.

There's this blonde-headed kid living downstairs in our dorm, and all the seniors use him to run their errands, clean their rooms, and so on. He's a pretty nice kids and takes it OK, never complaining.

Yesterday afternoon I was taking a nap in my room. I'd pulled off my shirt, and fell asleep with only my levis on. I'd left the door cracked open, because in the past I've sometimes been surprised with who would crawl in bed with me. I've been gay ever since I was in junior high school, and if it's one thing I enjoy, it's a good toss in the sack with a horny junior or sophomore. You know they're right at the age where their juices are boiling and their stiff cocks have a mind of their own!

I was pretty much in that same mood yesterday afternoon. I came to my room intending to prepare a history report. I got out my books and tablet, but my mind was on anything but history! I drew some pictures of hard cocks and had the urge to jerk off. But I restrained and fell asleep.

I dreamed about you-know-what, some crazy dreams where I was getting all I wanted, when a noise awoke me. I looked up and there was somebody standing at the edge of my bed. Slim, in tight boyish trousers, with the light from under the window shade outlining a very definite hard-on sticking up in the cloth. My sleepy eyes travelled further up and I saw that it was Gerald, the blonde freshman from downstairs. He was holding my tablet looking at the sex drawings I'd made and his hand dropped down and rubbed the cock-bulge in his pants. I watched him play with himself for the longest time; then suddenly he became aware of it. He looked startled and dropped the tablet. He became very embarrassed as I looked at him.

"What are you doing in my room, Gerald?" I asked in one of my nices tones.

"Why, uh, I was, uh . . . " He was stammering. "I just, uh, came in here to see if you, uh, needed anything, sir," he replied.

Claude Levi-Strauss

"Relax, Gerald," I said, a bit firmer. "As a matter of fact, I'm glad you're here. I do need something!"

"What is it, sir?" he asked, relaxing a bit.

I didn't answer. I simply reached out and touched the young cock, still stiff behind the cloth. I squeezed it and rubbed it and grabbed hold of it, using it as a handle to pull him to me.

"Come on, Gerald, don't be so nervous. I told you to relax. I'm sure you've done this before with guys, haven't you?"

"Yes, uh, yessir," he answered.

I unfastened his pants and slipped them down over his slim waist. The excited young cock was still captive in his white briefs, creating a bulge from the cup that nestled his nuts all the way up to where the head of his cock pushed the cloth above the elastic waist band. There was a big wet spot where his excited cock was dripping into the cloth. I put my mouth over it, tasting the delicious fluid that was mingled with the boyish sweat and crotch odors in the cloth.

It was like my dream had come true. I gobbled and chewed on his horny meat through the cloth, working up

I could hear him breathing heavy, almost moaning under his breath, as I rimmed him. His butt was hunching up and down as he strained to press it farther into my face. I reached under and felt his hard cock, pressed forward and fucking into the sheets, leaving a sticky trail of warm juice as it plowed back and forth.

I knew he was ready for something bigger up his rear end, so I quickly moved over him, breathing on his neck, sliding my slippery cock between the mounds of his buttocks, never allowing him to miss a stroke.

I slipped the head into his hole, letting it rest there as his rhythm worked back and forth on it, pulling it in, more and more, til finally, the entire length of my ten hard, swollen inches filled his body. His body worked on it, wanting it all, milking it with the tightness of his young ass, making me cum in strong, shattering spurts, spending my hot fluid deep inside him.

Finally I was through and I rested with my cock still inside him, the warm sperm dripping out, tickling my balls, finally turning cold to the touch. I climbed out of bed to get a towel. When I returned I saw he had shot off again, all over himself, where his cock had been trapped between his stomach and the bed.

He seemed anxious to dress and leave. When I asked him why, he replied, "I, uh, well, I have a class at 4."

"How about tomorrow?" I asked him.

"Uh, I have a class then too."

"No, I mean how about tomorrow afternoon. Why don't you come see me again before your 4 o'clock class?" I asked.

"Uh, OK, sir, yessir, will do," he said in his annoying nervous stammer.

Well, that was yesterday. Today's another day and it's 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He hasn't shown up and I'm sitting here with a big hard on.

■ ■

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VOLUME ONE, NUMBER THREE

BIG MAN ON CAMPUS

Conclusion of **JOCK ITCH**

SEEING DOUBLE Big Dick Buddy can't get enough !!

EYEFULL! Buddy gives Dave an eyefull peepin' thru the window

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LONG hair

FROM THE 60'S: The style known as "My Coach Made Me Cut It!

FROM THE 70'S: Very popular style known as "I'm gonna defy my mom, I don't care how ugly it makes me!"

MOUSTACHE AND BEARD STYLES AROUND 1900.

hell makes their hair grow long!"

Well, you just can't argue with logic like that! It's best to let the subject drop and talk about how fashion goes in circles! Yeah, it seems like whenever I see a group or a crowd of teenagers today I feel like I've just stepped back in time! As you can see from some of the pictures, today's hair styles are nothing new! We've had 'em before, and personally, I'd just as soon it wouldn't ever go back to the sheep-sheared look of the crew cut!

With so many fancy soup-strainer bushes keeping their young upper lips stiff nowadays, it's no longer "your father's moustache!", but it might be your "son's!!"

EYE

FULL

Dave was in a big hurry as he walked, half-running, to his room not 3 blocks away. Curfew was 12 midnight at the dorm & it was 10 minutes til. As he passed Buddy's room he saw light coming from the window.

"Damn" he thought. "I wonder what he's doing up? He's always asleep by 10. Think I'll take a look and see!" So he quietly made his way thru the bushes and looked in the window!

Dave's firey young prick was already getting hard at the very thought of Buddy. And the excitement of peeking thru the bright window made it throb all the harder. Did he dare to get close enough to actually look thru the blinds?

His prick bulging in his pants urged him on. There was a crack he could look thru if he could move in close quietly enough so as not to attract attention.

Maybe Buddy was taking a bath & Dave would get to see him naked. He'd always wondered how Buddy looked naked. He'd been in Buddy's room before, even when Buddy took a shower. But he always dressed before he came out of the bathroom and in the whole year Dave had known him, he'd never even gotten a peek.

Dave knew Buddy had to have a really big one swingin' between his legs; Dave had cruised that big-looking box many times, wanting to see it . . . . . to feel it, yes, even to taste it. But he never knew how to bring it about. Dave unzipped and grabbed his hard prick, nursing it roughly in his fist as he stepped closer and looked.

First he saw Buddy's face, laid back in the pillows. His eyes moved down & his mouth dropped open!

There in front of him was the biggest, stiffest prick he'd ever seen. It looked all out of proportion rising like a fleshpink flag pole from Buddy's thin frame. With Buddy's fist clasped tightly around it the blueish

veins stood out along the length of it like a delicious road map. And the purplish head of it looked swollen enough to pop.

The giant prick quivered as Buddy's fist slid slowly up and down the entire length, gracefully caressing the juicy head, then all the way down into the soft, fleshy testicles, then back up again.

Dave was Aries, strong-willed & demanding. He knew he wanted that prick & he decided to get it then & there.

"It's now or never," he said aloud as he screwed up his courage. Giving his own jumping prick a few rough tugs, he talked to it. "Calm down, there now, you'll be taken care of soon!"

In less than a minute he was in Buddy's room. The door was unlocked so he quietly let himself in making sure his prick was sticking out long as possible so Buddy would see it right off. He stood right over the bed swinging his hard rod.

"Buddy," Dave said resolutely. "I can't stand it any longer. I wanta suck you off!"

"Dave, I've known for a long time that you wanted it. So take it man, take it!"

Dave grabbed the monster snake penis, thrilling to the throbbing nervous velvety firm-but-soft flesh.
"I'm stoned Dave," Buddy said, "stoned but willing. Take it!"
Dave slid his lips over the bulbous head, sucking tightly at the sweetness of the gigantic sex-stick, sucking all the way down to where the base started.

Buddy's fist continued to work, undulating the base of the prick, gording into the fat balls. Grinding . . . pumping! Throbbing . . . . swelling! Sucking . . . . . fucking!!

"Cum, Dave cum! Here I cum, Dave!" Buddy almost screamed.

Dave braced for the load, stopping til he felt the first warm splash of sperm hit his throat. He'd sucked guy's cum before, but never any sweeter than Buddy's!

"Eat my cum, Dave", Buddy demanded! "Swallow my hot load of juice!"

But he didn't have to demand! Dave was taking it faster than the giant prick could pump it out. As he swallowed the last of the silky-sweet liquid, he only wished for more!

"Now fuck me," Buddy commanded, sounding butch for somebody that wants a dick up their ass! "I want you to take your stiff prick & fuck the shit out of me," Buddy reiterated, as he grabbed a jar & slopped gobs of grease all over Dave's red-hot rod. He climbed over Dave til his ass-hole hung right over the ready prick. He sat down on it, slowly but surely, and Dave felt his prick engulfed by a tight warm feeling he'd never experienced.

Buddy slid down all the way. Squatting over Dave, moving slowly up & down on the slick stiffness jammed into his butt.

"Like, man, I'm stoned. I wanta feel your hot cum!"

Again Dave didn't need to be told. He was already coming. He frantically slammed his meat in the tight hole all the way and shot gobs and gobs of thick spunky cream into Buddy. He breathed heavily and flayed about on the bed.

As Buddy rode the young bone til his extended ass-hole milked it dry. As Dave pulled out his slimy, shrivelling rod Buddy shot off again, milking the hot juice out onto Dave's quivering stomach. It felt good to both of them!

Dave jumped up to dress, no time--and no desire--to wipe the sperm from his belly. "I gotta go, curfew! See you tomorrow!"

"It's too late & you know it," Billy said, putting his arm around Dave. "You better spend the nite with me and we'll do it again in the morning!"

Happily, the two boys jumped back into bed & as Buddy reached over to turn off the light, they kissed.

PART 3

JOCK ITCH

The first 2 parts of this story appeared in BIG MAN ON CAMPUS issues no. 1 and 2.

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PART 3 & CONCLUSION

Aroused by an inner-alarm, suddenly Paul awoke. Sleep snapped out of him as he rolled his head to the clock: 9:00! The Club met at Purdy's barn at ten; he'd never make it. His lithe nudity propelled itself from the warm sheets into the bathroom. Luckly he didn't have to shave much, just on the chin. But he had to piss. Do them both at once; he'd done it before, for in his compact bathroom the toilet faced the sink closely. So straddling his strong thighs over the bowl, he soaped his chin with one hand and with his razor quickly scraped off its scant hairs, while with the other hand he pushed his thick piss hard-on down between his legs; its sturdiness forced his butt, milk-white, to buckle out. With a roar the piss foamed into the bowl.

His chin clean and the pressure in his gut gone, Paul jumped into a hot shower and out again, dried himself and raced back into his room to dress. A T-shirt, jockey shorts, heavy white athletic socks, levis--but just as he was pulling the levis over his knees, Paul looked at his crotch and remembered what he had promised himself: that little item wasn't going to give him away; no accident this time; not at the Club.

He yanked his levis and jockeys off again and searched in his medicine cabinet until he found a roll of bandage. Taking one end of this, he tied it, not too tightly but closely, around the dulcet head of his cock and drew the strip beside his balls, between his legs and up the chink of his ass; he pulled it firmly until his cock was held down into his groin between his thighs; then he tied it around his waist in a make-shift belt.

Going to his bureau, his bandaged penis making him walk a little splay-legged at first, he rummaged for a jock strap. Then he remembered that he had used his last one the day before and had not had time to wash out the stiff stains from his accident while wrestling with Hank. Well, that one would have to do, stained or not; so he went to the back pocket of his khakis, took out the soiled jock, and drew it on over his bandaged cock. An odour of semen rose from the pouch of the jock; Paul's cock gave a small throb beneath the bandage, but it could rise no further. Quickly adjusting the straps of the jock under his buttocks to prevent his penis from getting out of control, he again put on his jockeys and then the tight levis. Looking at himself in the mirror, Paul was satisfied: no bulge or anything to give him away in embarrassment.

He ran out of his room, down the balcony stairs and out of the lodge. It was a long run, for the barn was in a lonely field on the edge of town, but Paul's trim athleticism was easily equal to it. Finally he got there.

On entering the huge main door, Paul didn't see much at first: his eyes were unused to the cavernous darkness of the place. Then in a corner formed by some stalls he saw a pool of light on a table around which sat the Great Rooster Poker Club: Red, Sharky, Jim and Hank. They must have already started playing.

Sharky saw him first: "Here's the rose-bud now!"

Hank turned toward Paul and immediately a frown between his brows disappeared, and he smiled. "Hi, Paul. Thought you weren't coming. Come on over."

"We're just starting the first hand," muttered Sharky. "He'll just have to watch this one!"

Complying, Paul knelt down beside Red and pulled the levis slowly down until they were about Red's ankles and left his smooth thighs bare and his quivering rump covered only by a fragile, clinging husk of cotton.

‘‘OK; now the shorts, man.’’

Paul reached up; Red's shorts unsnapped with loud clicks. Paul pulled them slowly down also, exposing Red's fat, gluteral cheeks, tremulous, rose-white as rare ivory, from whose deep fissure tiny erect and carroty hairs glazed out.

‘‘That's it!’’ said Sharky, and unzipping his own fly, he pulled out his banana whang hardening and assuming a curious twist to the left.

At the sight of this unbending tool, Paul felt a twinge of mysterious recognition, though he could not tell why. Somehow Sharky's erecting cock seemed ominously familiar, and Paul's inability to understand this familiarity only increased the anxiety mounting within him.

Paul then saw Jim reach in the black bag and pull out a jar of grease. With one hand he scooped out a hunk of gleaming grease' then with his other hand slightly parting Red's cheeks, he brought his grease-laden fingers toward the anus between them. Red stiffened at the touch of his friend and shivered abruptly as Jim's slick fingers slid partly into his ass-hole. At this pang, Jim pulled his hand away immediately.

‘‘Get in in there good,’’ goaded Sharky. ‘‘It'll only scrape the worse if you don't.’’

Jim glanced angrily at Sharky flaunting his cock at Red's helpless butt, but he obeyed; his fingers then disappeared to the knuckles between the cheeks of Red's ass, who gasped and clamped Hank's neck.

The sight was just in front of Paul, who, still kneeling on the floor, felt his own cock begin to strain at its bonds between his legs. If it got any harder, he knew he'd be unable to stand up; its rebellious force would prevent him.

Jim's fingers slipped with a soft plop out of Red's ass, and the muscles of Red's back spasmodically relaxed. Turning to Sharky, Jim said, ‘‘You want any?’’

‘‘No; I like to slide in dry--Red's hole is sloppy enough as it is.’’

‘‘Don't you want Paul to drop your pants for you?’’

‘‘Not this time. The Dresser can rest. This is only a warm-up--twelve minutes practice session. I've got something for the Dresser to do later.’’

Paul shuddered inwardly at the menace in Sharky's voice and at the menace in every sinew of Sharky's whang, hard now, yellowish, long and twisted and conical, its blue vein bulging, its foreskin pulling back evenly from pointed, whitish glans.

Sharky moved closer to Red's behind and with both hands grasped Red's plump rosy waist and moving his haunches inward, slowly brought the projecting, twisting head of his cock to rest in the crack of Red's ass.

‘‘Is that the hole, Reddy-boy?’’

‘‘Yes.’’

‘‘Head's at the ass-hole! Ready, Timer?’’

The stop watch appeared in Hank's hand and he said he was ready.

‘‘Ready, Reddy-boy?’’

Red could only gasp assent.

‘‘OK, go!’’ said Sharky. There was a click from the stop watch.

With one instant lunge Sharky rammed his whole thick scimitar of length into Red's gut.

In a lightning second, Paul saw that contorted shaft bury itself within those leaping cheeks until Sharky's swift crotch smashed against Red's taut buttocks. Red moaned piercingly and if Hank had not been propping him, would have fallen forward. As it was, he could not pull his dilated hole away from the solid stab of Sharky's tool. It remained fully and wholly inside of him.

Red's moans coincided now with the churning within him, and Sharky grinned like a fiend with his chin gripping the shoulder of the cowering boy he held to his groin as his heavy flanks ground the bluk of his rod in that distorted rectum.

As the stop-watch ticked, agonizingly slow for Red, Sharky would occasionally vary his grinding with sudden withdrawls and sudden reentries. Paul saw the slick curve of fleshy piston drive out and in again, coated with brilliant oils and rectal fluids. And each time it lunged in full under the drive of Sharky's thighs, Paul saw Red's long, slim, white penis leap with an animal ecstasy and grow longer. At the sight, his own tool fought against its bandage and pulled him down further into a squat.

Then he saw Jim, who'd been watching the rape of his buddy, get quickly down on his knees and crawl between Hand and Red to face Red's penis leaping out from its crimson bush amidst quaking muscles. Jim seized Red's thighs with both hands to help support his friend under the battering of Sharky, while he took into his mouth Red's jumping dripping prick.

Red sighed aloud and his moans grew larger when he felt the hot warmth of Jim's mouth close gently around his sensitive member.

Sharky continued his churning in Red's rectum, while Jim sucked upon Red's cock, and Paul saw Sharky's twisting, yellow tool sporadically disappear to its base between Red's jiggling ass-cheeks, while Jim's lips, glittering with saliva, nibbled and pulled at the dome-like glans of Red's cock and slide along the fleshly cylinder until Red's cushiony balls struck softly against Jim's chin.

Red's body convulsively at once seemed to shove his cock deep into Jim's pouting mouth and yet to press backward to welcome the grinding attack of Sharky's fucking, and he breathlessly yelled.

Sharky spoke hoarsely, "Baby! It's tight--hot tight!"

The young muscles of Red's buxom frame undulated sharply with the release of his body's nervous explosion; in his ecstasy, riding the big wind, he would have fallen had not Hank and Jim been supporting him. Then, as suddenly as his ejaculant had hurled forth from his testicles, Red went limp in their arms. But Sharky didn't stop.

"Please, please," whimpered Red. "How much more time--please!"

Hank looked at the stop-watch. "Ok, Sharky, twelve minutes is up."

"Hot damn," snickered Sharky, abruptly stopping his thrust. "I usually like them when they've cum--makes them really tight, but--" and with a swift backward lurch, he yanked his whang, entire in one stroke, from Red's anus and from between his buttocks--"I've got another thing to do." Paul heard a thud as Sharky's cock whipped from Red's contracting hole, and Red jerked.

"Now that'll need washing, won't it, Paul?" said Sharky with a grin as he waggled the slimy hardness of his dong by moving his hips. Half-disgusted, half - afraid, Paul looked away. Sharky shrugged and contemptously strolled to the side of the barn where, Paul could see, stood a large sink. There, turning on the water, Sharky began to whistle as he stroked his whang under the stream.

Red sank weakly upon the mattress, his naked nates still quivering, and Jim knelt beside him. "It's OK now, Red; you don't have to play the next hand. OK, Hank?"

"Sure--you rest," said Hank. Red dumbly nodded and pulling up his levis, stretched himself out on his back and stared blankly at the barn rafters.

But Paul was still kneeling beside the mattress; his engorged penis pulling against its bandage kept him in that position. He knew he couldn't get up, and shame began to seep into his face; he wondered if Hank noticed.

guys was next to Hank, taking down his pants for him. Paul didn't even notice who it was he was so infatuated with the sight before him. Hank was standed with his legs spread, hands on his hips, facing Paul, his young shiny prick standing stiffly arched out and up towards his belly, capped by a thick, juicy pink knob.

Paul felt an unusual surge of excitement flash through him as Hank moved in closer to him. The hard prick he wanted so bad was less than two inches from his lips.

"Go ahead, Paul, suck it," Hank said gently.

Urged by Hank's gentleness and by the flush of excitement coursing through him, Paul grabbed the stiff steely meat and slid his lips around the bulbous head. A faint sweetness of taste thrilled him as he began to suck the hardened knob, running his tongue in exploration over the crown of the head and beyond. He felt the warmth of the massive, heaving meat in his mouth, as he sucked more of it in. He felt the blood coursing through the penis veins as he tasted and sucked with every muscle and fibre of his mouth and tongue. He was aware of the great amount of saliva he manufactured to lubricate the huge throbbing monster sliding in and out, deeper and deeper.

Great jolts of electrically charged, sexually excited passion swept over Paul, and uncontrolably he began to ejaculate. He began to shoot off thick, wet hot streams of juice into his jockey shorts. The young cock had not been detained by the bandage when its time had come; it had pulled itself free, stiffened and stood up in uncontrolled excitement, and now it was spending itself into the dark confining warmth of Paul's jockey shorts!

The spectators were jeering again, something about how red Paul's face was and how he liked chewing that cock, but Paul didn't even really hear them. He was in the throes of orgasm and the huge cock which Hank had rammed now downward into Paul's throat was choking Paul with a heavy and violent load of thick spurting cum. More and more the swollen prick spurted down into Paul's throat, and the boy gulped desparately trying to swallow it all. His tongue swirled desparately around the head licking and drinking the last of the precious fluid as Hank was withdrawing the spent cock from him. As it was all too quickly over, and Paul's mouth felt strangely empty, he was strongly aware of the acrid, musky odor of Hank's sperm, somewhere deep within him but permeating his nostrils with its unique and manly odor.

Hank reached down to help Paul to his feet, and Paul was embarassed of the large, sticky wet spot showing thru his trousers where he'd creamed off all over himself. He blushed and waited for the jeers he knew he'd be getting from the other guys as soon as they noticed. And they were sure to notice . . . Paul had shot off so much the spot was a foot in diameter!!

But the barn was amazingly silent. As the dazed and still-excited Paul came to his senses and adjusted his focus back to reality, he looked around the barn. The guys that had been standing there, jeering while they watched he and Paul, they were gone. He looked quizically at Hank.

"Why? . . . Uh, where are . . . ."

Hank interupted him by putting a finger to his lips. "Listen," he said.

Paul strained his ears and in the almost total silence he heard strange sounds coming from the area where the bed was in the corner. It was dark over there and he couldn't see, but it slowly dawned on him what the strange, low, slurping sounds were. He turned to look at Hank with an "Oh, I understand!" look on his face, and Hank smiled at him.

"Let's get some air, Paul," Hank said. And as the two buddies turned towards the door, Hank put his arm around Paul's shoulder!

The End.